
Title: Crawworth Expedition - Day 2

Author:

The journey through the
cave was not far, and
we've now arrived on
what appears to be a
new land. None who travel
with us has seen such a
place before. We are in
what appears to be a

small village, though some
of it appears to be in
ruin.

The smell of the area is
somewhat stale, as though
the wind avoids this part
of the land. There is
light enough here to see,
and we've doused the
torches that we lit to
travel through the cave,
but it's impossible to tell
where the light is coming
from. I can not see the
sun.

We have met some of
the natives, and they
speak our language, though
they have not heard of
Lord British! Imagine that
someone who has lived all
their life could not know
the Lord of all the lands.

They seem to favor the
same types of dress and
armor that we wear, and
use the same weapons.

We have met shopkeepers,
blacksmiths, healers, and
peasants. They speak of
warring races in the area
nearby, but are reluctant
to go into detail.

Enas pointed out that
some of the stonework
on the ground seems to
be in the shape of a
spider and a snake,
though without his trained

eye, I can make neither
heads nor tails of the
shapes he claims are so
visible.

The peoples of this village
have domesticated a
creature, the likes of
which we've never seen
before. Tis a strange mix
of bird and animal, and it
can be ridden like the
horses of our land! It
has a head like a bird,
though its eyes show
much more intelligence.

Two strong, muscled legs
stick out of its egg
shaped body, and it has a
long tail that runs to
the ground.

We hope to find out
more about the warring
races, as that information
would seem to be critical
to the function that we
are trying to perform
whilst we are here. Some
of the natives have
offered to guide us, but
CrawWorth seems
reluctant to accept their
help.

Xarot and I have found
the food here to be
palatable, and Enas has
gone to work making
preliminary sketches of
the riding bird. I noticed
CrawWorth speaking
quietly to Michelle, and
felt an involuntary
shudder of jealousy. She
quickly disappeared
through the growing
number of gawkers who
have come to see the
strangers from the
mountain.

CrawWorth is calling me
over, and for some
reason I feel relieved
that he is coming to
trust me. I'll write again
on tomorrow.